The Bystander, October 22, 1919. No. 829. Vol. LXIV.

The BYSTANDER

THE DIE-HARDS: "Once more unto the Breach!"

BY FRED BUCHANAN

ENTERTAINMENTS

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Signature of holder.....

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Bill Gawber Orates

"FUNNY thing the dope them torfs 'and out, as my lodger useter sye, as was a Yank. That Sir 'Aggard, f'r instance, as is flappin' 'is mouth at the National Birth Rate Commission. You know, the bloke as writes about King Solomon, and She."

"You're getting literary."

"Ar! 'old yer row. Mybel, as is in the City, leaves books abaht an' I jest 'as a look. Wot was I sayin'? Yer put me orf with yer (boiling) sorce. Oh, yes. Sir 'Aggard says we want more kids. Says the country's gettin' depoperlated. Can't say as I've noticed it in the Red Lion, to sye nothin' o' the (ravaged) 'buses!"

"He's quite right, Bill. The fall in the British birth-rate is a grave problem. You must realise that man-power . . ."

"Ow! shut it. Wot's the good o' talkin' o' man-power when arf of 'em is gals? Besides, me and Mrs. Gawber, we done our bit. There's young Tom, an' Bert, an' Gladys as is a disgrace an' a success, the (emphatic female), an' Clarence as I named arter you, an' . . ."

"Yes, I know. You've got a long family."

"Then why does Sir 'Aggard throw it up at me? the (rat)!" roared Bill. "Let them as like kids 'ave 'em. I sye to Sir 'Aggard: start the endowment o' fatherhood, I ses. If he wants kids let him (purple) well pay for 'em. No quids, no kids. That's my motter."

On Ireland

"I TELL yer wot, I'm (fiery) well sick o' being jored 'cos I'm a pore (blessed) Englishman, I orter bin an Irishman. The Irish 'as it all their own way, the (vermin). They weren't conscripted. They weren't rationed. They 'ad beer. Now they ain't jored."

"I'm afraid their day is over, Bill. A Cabinet Committee is sitting this week to establish Irish Peace. The day we give Ireland Peace, she'll find out what war's like."

"Yer can tell the tale. Wot's yer (purple) Committee goin' to do? Nuffin. That s wot a Committee call its job. Wot else d'yer expect from Walter an' Edward, the Long and the Shortt? An' Lord Berken'ead. They bin in politics all their lives. An' settlin' the (pink) affairs of Ireland all the time! Why, when I was a nipper Gladstone was settlin' 'em. Then ole Asquith settled 'em. Now Lord Berken'ead is settlin' 'em. I tell yer wot: yer can't settle Ireland. Yer might as well try ter settle Niagarer."

"This is your cheerful day, Bill."

"Oh, it don't prey on me, like, but I got my own ideas. Send 'em the two Geddeses, I sez. That won't settle Ireland, but it'll make Sinn Fein emigrate."

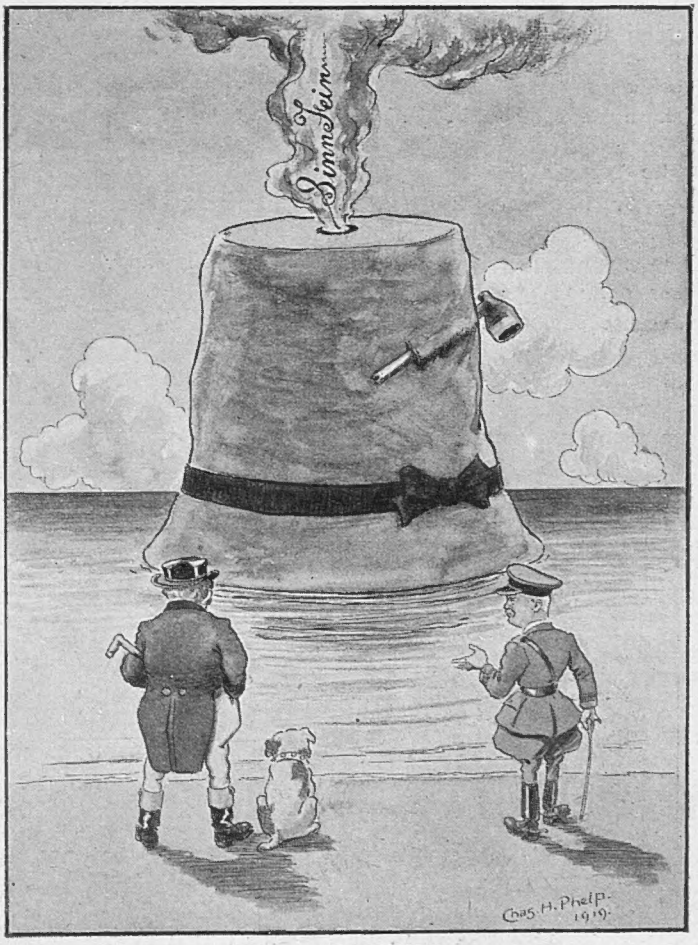
"Why?"

"'Cos Sinn Fein means 'ourselves.' There won't be room for two lots o' 'ourselves' when the Geddeses git ter Dublin. De Valera'll 'op it ter Ameriky, an' by the Black Star line too."

Black Star

"THE Black Star Line?"

"Ow! chuck it. Yer knows wot I mean. The new steamers as is ter be owned by the (carbonised) niggers. There ain't goin' to be no more race riots, sez the darkies as they goes marchin' through Georgia: we're goin' ter 'ave our own boats an' keep 'em select. I sez it's a good ideer. If yer keeps folk apart they can't quarrel. I always thinks it's a pity we don't 'ave special trains from 'Ackney so we don't get stifled with the (foaming) scent o' the Piccadilly Johnnies. I ain't one for mixin' with the torfs. So I sez ditto ter the coons. An' they don't need ter take any lip from the white blokes.



THE "CRATHUR!"

MR. BULL: "The de Valera Volcano is *still* smoking, my Lord?"
LORD FRENCH: "Yes, Mr. Bull; but it's *mostly* 'hot air!'"

BY CHAS. H. PHELP

Wy! if I was manager o' that Black Star I'd 'ave Jack Johnson as me first mate. An' if a bloke as I didn't fancy pushed aboard, I'd soon shew him the name of my ship."

"Name?"

"Wy! yes. The Punching Belle."

Prime Ministers and Their Wives

We know that when the partner of a man's joys, his sorrows—and his purse—outspeeds his incomings and runs up bills he cannot pay, he has a ready resource and a sure protection. He can put an advertisement in a newspaper advising tradesmen all and dressmakers sundry that he is not responsible "for any debts incurred by my wife." Thus he avoids being sold up or reduced to carrying a sandwich-board. The report of Mrs. Lloyd George's temperance speech at Glasgow brings this reflection to my mind—shall we live to see Prime Ministers, "and such as they" Archbishops, Labour Leaders, and candidates for Parliament, inserting advertisements that they are not in any way responsible for the opinions of their missises? It really looks as if some of them will have to do something of the kind, for just as surely as a tradesman looks to a husband for payment of a wife's bills, so surely does the British public regard the wife of a public man when she prattles from a platform as voicing her husband's opinion. Mrs. Lloyd George is all out for total abolition of drink licences, and travelled all the way from Criccieth to Glasgow in order to say so. Therefore, practically speaking, she holds hands with the Pussyfoots.

The Danger

Any inference that the Prime Minister shares Mrs. Lloyd George's wholesale temperance views would be most unfair, but, on the other hand, her opinion can only carry weight because she is the Prime Minister's wife. If her husband were not our First Minister, Mrs. Lloyd George could have travelled from Criccieth to Kamschatka and talked for a week of her desire to see all public-house licences refused, and not a particle of notice or a line of print would have been devoted to her opinion. There seems to me a grave danger in wives of Ministers shining on platforms in the reflected light of their husbands. When a man rises to high office in the State it does not follow that the wife of his bosom advances with him intellectually or in political experience, therefore it is obvious that the public advancement of her private views ought not to have the weight we are all inclined to give them simply because of the husband's position. We have had a glaring instance in our recent history of what the wife of a responsible Minister can do by a public example of frivolity allied to stupidity. What will happen to our Ministers of State if their better halves begin to stump the country, voicing their individual fads—and, as I have said, only listened to and reported (and there comes in the harm) because of the positions occupied by their husbands?

A Red Herring

It has always been the way. When the soldiers cease fighting the politicians begin. We have had an ugly and uncomfortable crop of "Explanations" and "Justifications" from some of our own military and naval leaders, but however much they are to be deplored I think we can acquit each of their writers of the charge of being the tool of a political party. I'm afraid one can't say so much for France. The recent attack on Lord Haig is entirely political—a red-herring drawn across the scent of the French public after certain very pressing matters on which it seeks enlightenment. France has paid her War expenses by loans, and her Government, so far, has not had the courage to introduce taxation in any way commensurate to the interest on the loans. Hence many troubles, and the flinging of mud at anybody by a certain type of politician simply to distract attention. I hear from Paris that unless

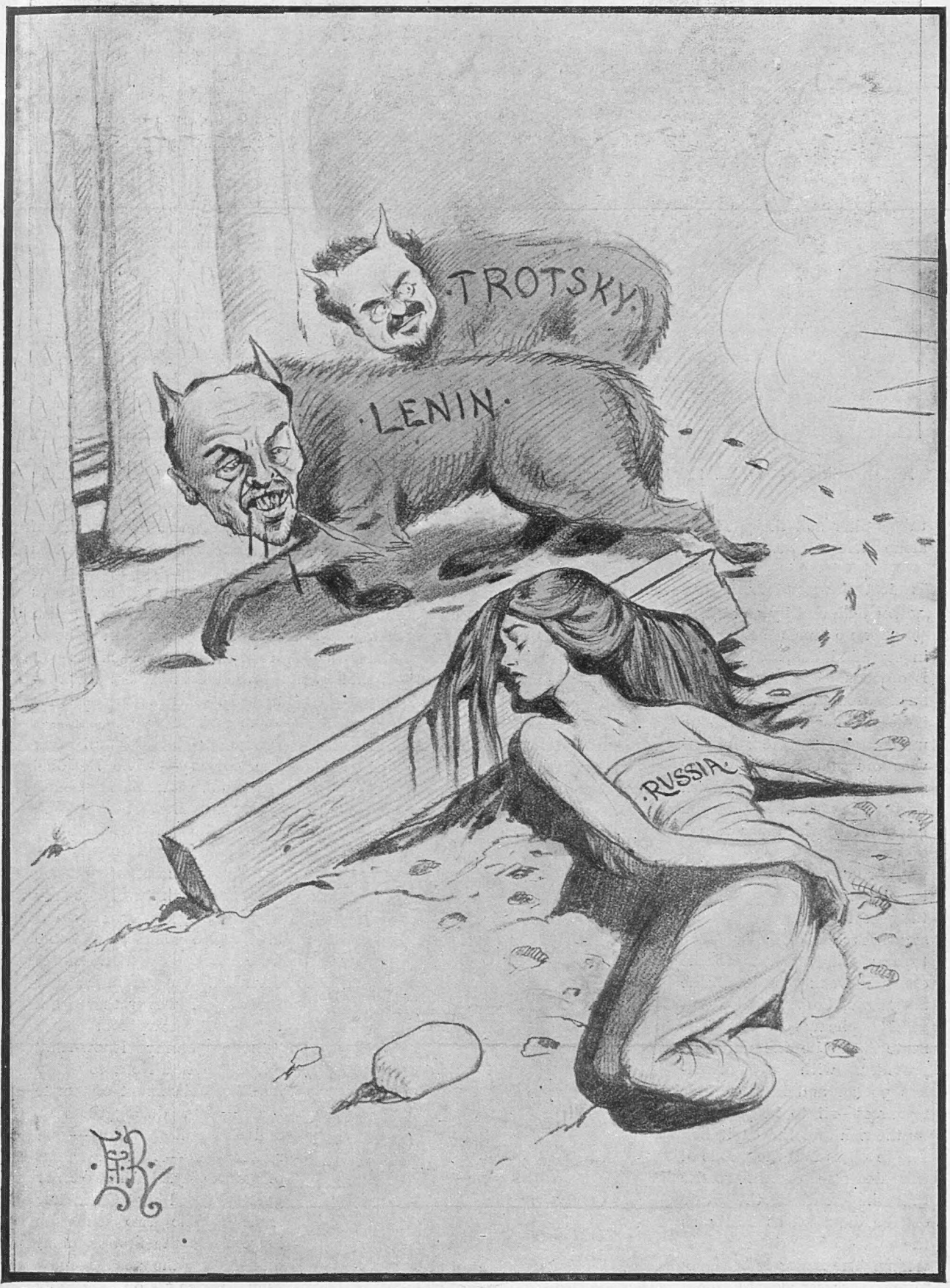
(Continued on page 244)

THE GROWING LAD

BRITANNIA (*to Miner*): "Give you a ride? Certainly not You're quite big enough to walk by yourself!"

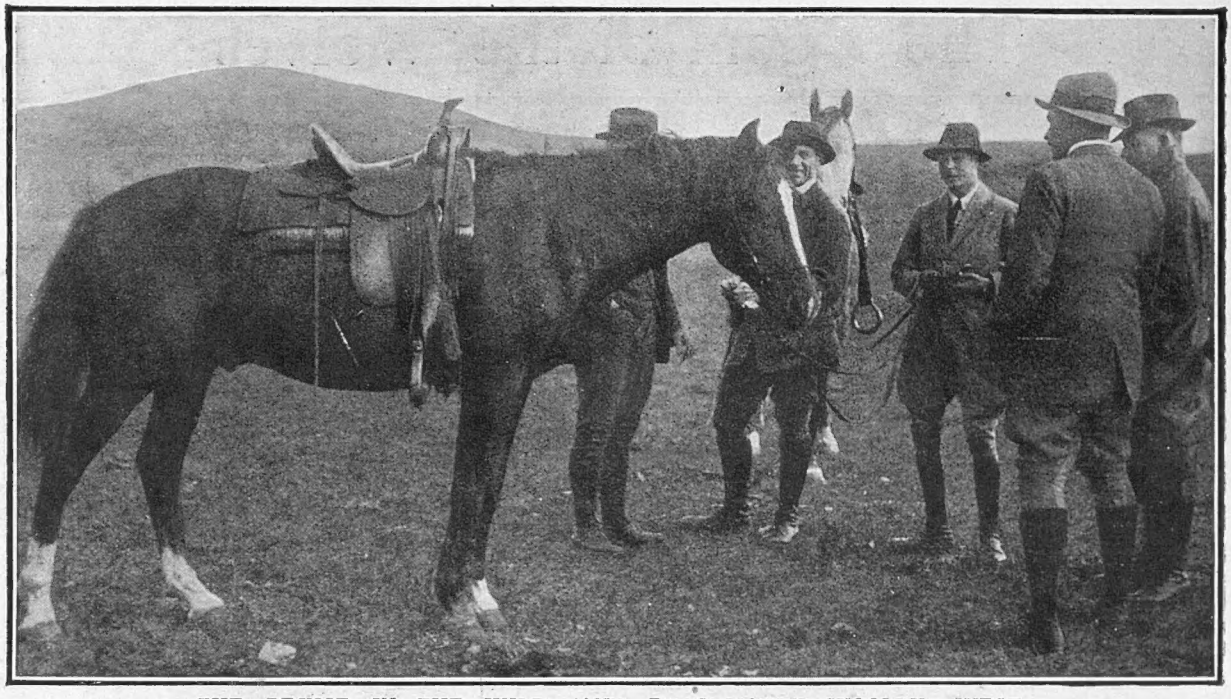
BY W. E WIGFULL

The Doom of the Wolves



Oddly enough, some of our most fluent and oratorical Labour "leaders" seem incapable of suggesting any more appropriate title for the hunting down of the two most bloodthirsty murderers and torturers the world has ever seen than "No Interference with a Democratic Country," or, "Leave Free Russia to Work Out Her Own Salvation." (Doesn't seem to hit off the situation very accurately, does it?)

BY E. T. REED



THE PRINCE IN THE WILD (AND PRESUMABLY WOOLLY) WEST

H.R.H. is here seen on Mr. Lane's ranch at the foot of the Rockies after a "cow-punching" ride with some cowboys who do not appear, unfortunately, in this picture

things alter and the politicians leave dead muttons alone there will be a serious national financial crisis.

Trade Unions and Their Investments

I AM told, and by an authority upon which I rely, that no funds belonging to Trade Unions are invested in industrial concerns. If it is so the reason is obvious. The Trade Unions know that when a strike occurs in any particular industry its dividends are immediately affected. Likewise the selling value of the shares goes tumbling down during the strike. I told you last week of the inner reason of the crumpling up of the railway strike. It never occurred to the railway people that their nest egg in Government securities could dwindle. This, to my mind, points to the essential weak spot in all the Socialistic, Communistic, and general upheaval gospels. The State is to be the universal provider, with a bottomless pocket and inexhaustible resources—all to be produced by the rich and the capitalist. The teachers and the pupils of this doctrine cannot realise that the credit of the State can be damaged as easily as the credit of a private undertaking. The majority of working-men are very level-headed, and myself I believe that if the sources of State, municipal, county, and other revenues were explained to them as well as the spending side of the account, they would see the fallacy of the State as a fairy god mother. But nobody has ever taken the trouble to explain to them that even the kerbstones and the lamp-posts in their streets have to be paid for by somebody. The field has been left open to your Smillies, Chiozza Moneys, and other idealists—on paper—in that *galère*. We live in an era of propaganda. Here is a chance for some patriotic young man—a course of lectures all over the country—"The National Revenue: Where It Comes From and How It Is Spent."

Photograph *Lafayette*

LADY MILDRED FOLLETT

Whose marriage to the Knight of Kerry took place last week. Lady Mildred is a sister of the Earl of Dunmore, V.C., D.S.O.

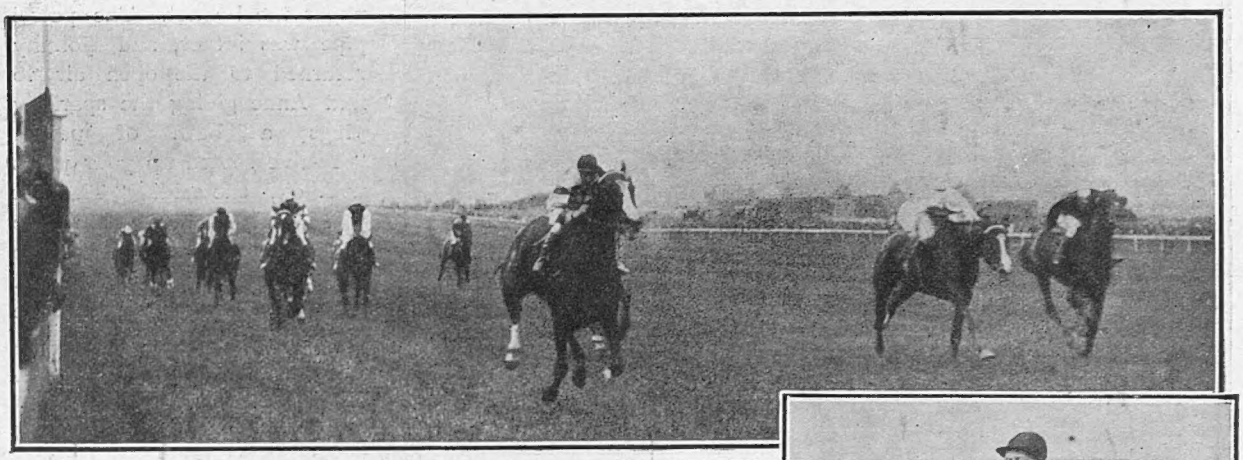
"Little Johnny Know-All"—

ONE of the most amusing stories that has come my way recently concerns a young man and a young woman who were guests at a house in Cornwall. He was in the War Office, and was rather what the West Country folk call a "Little Johnny Know-All." She had been a No. 1 top lady in an establishment of female munitioneers during the war, and was still suffering—and rather badly—from the effects of authority. The other guests dubbed her "Capability Anne." The two came to loggerheads the first night at dinner. By the next evening they weren't on speaking terms, having arrived there by the gateway of flat contradiction. Then came the

(*Continued on page 246*)

The Cesarewitch Surprise

A (COMPARATIVE) OUTSIDER WINS THE AUTUMN CLASSIC



MR. J. WHITE'S "IVANHOE" WINNING

A BLOCK IN THE TRAFFIC DUE TO THE ENORMOUS ATTENDANCE, AND (inset, on left) PRINCE ALBERT AND PRINCE HENRY EN ROUTE FOR THE COURSE FROM CAMBRIDGE AND (on right) THE WINNER BEING LED IN, A. WHALLEY UP

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS
With the Crown Prince, landing at New York on their visit to the United States

bombshell of the strike. He had to be in London on Monday, so a kindly host offered him a two-seater provided he drove himself.

—And "Capability Anne"

You never heard such a clatter as that young woman made when she found there were no trains. You felt that if she wasn't in London on the Monday a large piece of England would topple off into the sea; the Lords French, Jellicoe, and Fisher would never be able to write another word of explanation, recrimination, or glorification; that no railways would ever run again; and that every needy needlewoman in Greater London would be sitting with nary a hem to sew. How it was done I don't know—but the hostess arranged for "Capability Anne" to occupy the second seat in that car. I suppose "Little Johnny Know-All" couldn't very well refuse as it was their car. What happened on the road is known in detail only to themselves, but this I have found out. Anne knew more about motor-cars than Johnny. He had more than one difficulty. Whatever happened he applied the oil-can. She sat up and said "nodings." Outside Exeter they came to a dead stop. As he had used up all his oil he had a bright idea—the petrol pipe was leaking.

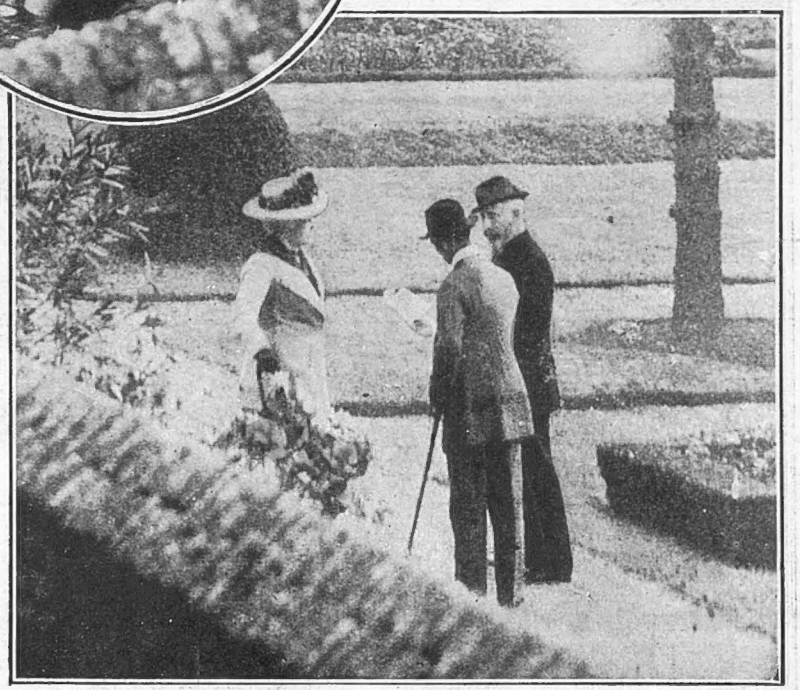
The Motor and the Maiden

Whilst Johnny was wriggling under the car Anne did mysterious things under the bonnet. The petrol pipe was intact, and Johnny returned to the open air to find Anne giving the sparking plugs a bath of petrol. "You've sooted up your plugs with oil," she said. "Thought you would!" She did one or two other things to the car's inside, and it went to Salisbury like a little dicky bird. They thawed to one another, I believe, during dinner, but the ice was really broken the next morning when the hotel bill was presented to Anne, headed, "Miss —— and chauffeur."

"Special" Announcements

"The King and Queen left St. Pancras yesterday for Sandringham. . . . Their Majesties did not use a special train on this occasion out of consideration for the transport needs of the public, but special saloons were attached to the ordinary train. . . ."
—Daily Paper, *October* 14.

"The Prime Minister has arranged to travel north by special train in time to fulfil his first engagement—the presentation of an address in Welsh by the Cambrian Society."
—Daily Paper, *October* 15.



THE BEARDED EX-KAISER "BEARDED" AT AMERONGEN
—Or at any rate photographed by an enterprising photographer who, it is said, camouflaged himself as a farmer on the top of a hay-cart. The beard, readers will doubtless agree, is a distinct improvement. He is here seen with the ex-Kaiserin.

A Logical Conclusion

SHE: The days are getting colder now, aren't they?

HE: Yes, dear, but I can't imagine what you will look like when we get a real freezer!

BY MACMICHAEL

POLITICS: Going Dry

By "FITZWILLIAM"

NORWAY has gone dry. Yesterday it was America. (Here my secretary cries out: "What's happening to the world"?) To which I reply: "A world where we ourselves may soon be attacked." Which amounts to saying that I oppose prohibition as a lamentable excess, whether of vice or virtue. It is worth opposing, for Pussyfoot treads in our midst, fortunately as loud as if shod in policeman's boots, and one wonders whether he may not reduce us to his natural diet of milk. I do not suppose so, for this country dislikes prohibiting things; it overcame this dislike during the War, but anyone who thinks that a British prejudice can be destroyed by such a trifle as a European War. does not understand the British.

⁂ ⁂

IT is not that the British are careless of the perils of drink; it is only that they dislike radical solutions. They have made various attempts to regulate liquor. Thus, from about 1890 onwards, we had the Local Option Movement, to enable localities to vote on the question: Should liquor be sold within their boundaries or should it not? The results of such a method will be that tramloads of people will leave them for the day to visit neighbourhoods less strict. Then we have the Unionist Licensing Act of 1904, which taxed the liquor interest and used the proceeds to buy out licences where there were too many. That has worked pretty well, but it has made a licence into a vested interest, instead of leaving it what it was, a favour granted annually by the justices and subject to good conduct. Then came the Liberal Licensing Act of 1906, destined to reduce licences; as the House of Lords threw it out it need not trouble us.

⁂ ⁂

ALL this left the liquor situation much where it was. Local Option is obviously ridiculous, not only because it wastes tram fares, but because fifty-five people out of a hundred have no right to deprive the remaining forty-five of what is a perfectly honest, decent satisfaction. The reduction of licences has not been very successful, because the Act does not produce enough money to buy out licences as fast as the justices create new ones. But this need not drive us into prohibition. There is too much drinking, that is agreed, but drinking is much less of a problem than it used to be. In 1900 the mortality due to liquor was 113 per million; it now averages under 50. Before the War every day saw eighty-one inmates in homes for inebriates; to-day there are only three. It is, therefore, clear that we need not prohibit, but there is every reason why we should regulate and especially improve. Restriction of hours is not the right way, for I am continually confronted with cases in my own district where men deliberately get "a skinful" inside of two hours; the shorter the time, the quicker they drink.

⁂ ⁂

BUT with this must go a certain limitation of facilities. Thus it seems to me absurd that the justices of a county should be allowed to grant licences in a small town they may not know. It seems to me that licensing should be handed over to the district itself, or at least that the locality should be allowed to say: "We have already too many public-houses. We veto this new licence." The Minister of Health should settle a dispute of this kind.

⁂ ⁂

MEANWHILE, the old licences should continue to be bought out under the existing Act. The pace is slow, but if we can restrict the creation of new licences, the extinction of the old ones will, by degrees, make up leeway. And so we shall ultimately, without damaging anybody, arrive at this situation: There will be a larger population and less public-houses. Which is desirable.

⁂ ⁂

AT the same time we have to make a stand for a better type of public-house. We have done with dirty, dark, sawdust-strewn bars, with counters slopped wet with beer, without seats, newspapers, comfort. I think that in such cases the local authority should be given power to go to the Minister of Health and say: "This public-house in our midst is a bad place; it encourages drunkenness; it provides no food, or bad food; it is a centre for loose and dishonest characters. Allow us to take it over and manage it ourselves, and by your leave we wish to administer the house decently." It is by such methods, not by wooden-headed prohibition, that we shall teach our population to use instead of abuse the good liquor which, after all, is the friend of man.

"THAT'S ALL SERENE SIR!"
By FRED BUCHANAN

Political Doings of the Week

BY OUR SPECIAL PARLIAMENTARY CARICATURIST

BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

The Westm

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE

nster Circus

PERFORMANCE IS ABOUT TO COMMENCE"

BY ALFRED LEETE

At the Polish Legation

Photograph *C. Vandyk*

PRINCESS THÉRÈSE SAPIEHA

Wife of Prince Sapieha, who has just been appointed Polish Minister in England

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE." *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *October* 20, 1919

DEAR COUSIN—

HECTIC place, London, these lovely shiv'ry, silv'ry, opal and sapphire October days, while still—

> . . . in autumnal solitudes
> Arise the leopard-coloured leaves.

All mustard and caresses, as Delysia, the amorous and artless—

> . . . whose blue eyes shine
> Like Cyanus in morning light,

puts it in that rather alluring, but, I'm *afraid*, rather naughty, too, *Afgar* at the Pavilion.

卐 卐

APROPOS, as I think I hinted last week, positively divided into camps is the theatre-going world in London now—on the subject of the ethics of *Afgar*. Those who think it improper and those who, like me, though always willing to oblige, find it *so* difficult, you know, to be shocked by Cupid.

卐 卐

ALL these things the poor dear masses still a little deprecate, even in England now. For four and a half years our soldiers sojourned in France, but some of them even still don't quite like it—and some of their stodgy womenfolk like it still less, or pretend to, anyway—when one talks without shame or self-consciousness of love, or when a beautiful woman is unashamedly aware of her charms.

卐 卐

IN the Latin countries these things are looked at differently, and much more honestly; and who shall say, for instance, of the gallant France of the War, or of the hard-working France of Peace, that she is any the worse for it? The soul of the Frenchman, I remember reading somewhere, *demands* the help of woman, and the love of woman, however strong his courage or his self-reliance. The beauty of life is to him a feminine thing, holding the spirit of motherhood, romantic love, and comradeship more intimate and tender than between man and man. Only duty is masculine and hard. . . .

'At the Grafton Galleries . . . propriety reigns supreme again—only not too much"

卐 卐

HOW right was old Samuel Butler, eh, on how—

> . . . when the righteous man turneth away from his righteousness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is neither quite lawful nor quite right, he will generally be found to have gained in amiability what he has lost in holiness?

卐 卐

AND now to continue the gay tale of how we dance *and* dance in London now. One may dance every night of the week, including Sundays, at one or other of the new dance places, and never at the same place twice. Ditto afternoons. And I'm sure we'd dance mornings, too, only you must learn new steps and buy new frocks and have your hair washed and your nails manicured *some* time, mustn't you?

"Those who think it improper"

卐 卐

CIRO's, where we fed with tea and eggs-on-toast the Tommy *and* his girl when there was a War on, is open again. Qualifications for membership—four quarterings or know someone who's connected with the stage, as an amused cynic has just informed me! At the Savoy if one dines one may also

dance—it all goes in with the dinner bill. At the Ritz, the Re-union Club dances sound *and* are very grateful and comforting. And at the Hyde Park, in the loveliest room in London, Friday night's the night—and you can take the newest deb. there!

卐 卐

At the Grafton Galleries, over which, once upon a time, long ago when there was a War on, there fell, for a little while, I believe, a spell of alleged not-quite-niceness, propriety reigns supreme again, only not too much. And the topping band that's played all summer at Murray's, Maidenhead, now discourses one, two, and three-time there every night from ten to three.

卐 卐

Last, not least, are the new Portman Club dances, afternoons and evenings, in Baker Street. Here you drink your tea ensunk in the comfiest settees in town—and a very nice tea 'tis, too, an' all. And dance to the wonderful weird melodies of those amazing darkies who played on their own in the season at the Philharmonic Hall. And can procure, if required, lessons in the last word in dancing from the last word in dancing-masters—M. Jean Castaner, the star dancer in *Who's Hooper?* at the Adelphi.

卐 卐

Finally, I'm not sure the very intriguingest dance-club of all isn't not in London at all, but in the near-by country—at the new London Flying Club at Hendon. The floor, the Hawaiian band in white suits and red sashes (very tropical) that plays in a Hawaiian stage setting, the flowers and the tea and what-not are all the goods, the genuine merchandise. And it merely adds to the general *ensemble*—the view from the long low windows of, first, the hard lawn tennis courts, and then the open country, church spires, aeroplanes, trees, an' all.

"Something simple in fur coats"

卐 卐

Rest of the news is that Parliament meets this week to try and earn a bit of that £8 per week the M.P. makes whether he "works" or plays; that the Fisher reminiscences get funnier and funnier, and that what remains of the Victorian dovecots didn't half flutter a bit when the doughty Admiral *would* enlarge on King Edward's wonderful likeness to King Henry the Eighth. . . .

"The new Portman Club dances"

卐 卐

That the Italian situation—d'Annunzio, airman-poet-novelist and *grand amoureux*, holding up the fortunes of a country—also, doesn't get any less funny; that Admiral Beatty, at the Admiralty instead of in the Q.E., will chiefly get busy on the economy stunt—a funny job for the husband of the daughter of America's *richest* dry goods merchant. . . .

卐 卐

Lastly, having read in the ponderous pages of no less an authority on all things great and small than the *Times* that—

There is no question about wide hips now—every woman has consented to wear them—

Also that—

for the most simple dress it is common to pay £40—

I can hardly breathe this week with *suspense*.

卐 卐

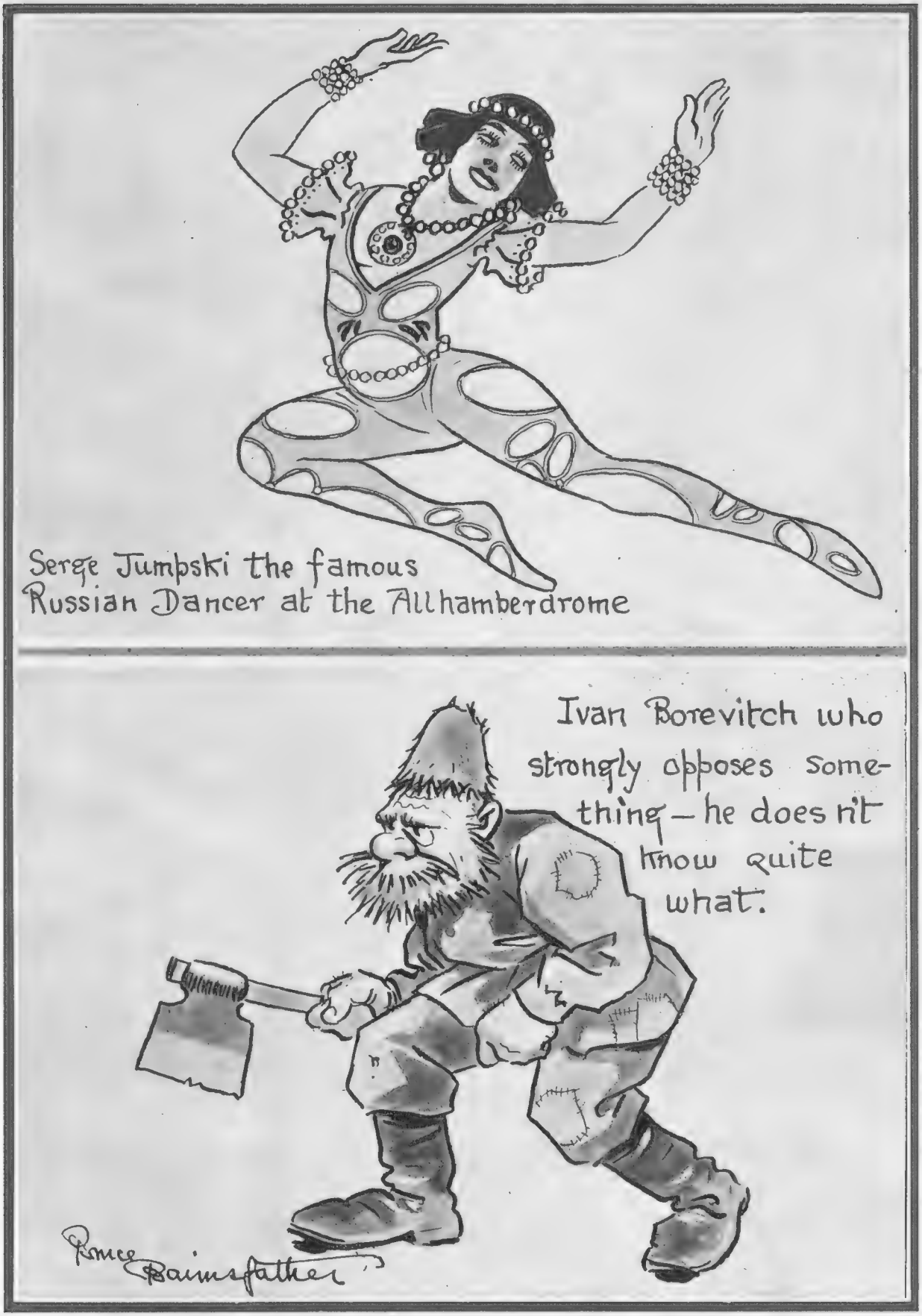
Have plunged, you see, in a ten-shilling sweep on the Cambridgeshire. With *possible* winnings—£255 if I draw a horse, and first, second, and third prizes of £12,000, £6,000, and £3,000 respectively. With any of these small amounts—the odds, I believe, are *only* about 100,000 to 1 against, but *someone's* got to win, I suppose—I'll be able to get a new frock, something simple in fur coats, *and* lunch at the Berkeley. So *pray*, won't you, *all* my cousins, *please*, for

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

Russia's Sole Productions

(*a*) FOR EXPORT AND (*b*) FOR HOME CONSUMPTION



Russia is an interesting place. There are apparently only two lines in Russians, both of which I have depicted above

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"BABY BUNTING"

At the SHAFTESBURY THEATRE

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by HARRIS*

THIS is a musical comedy founded on the old farce *Jane*, that was offered to the public some thirty years ago by Mr. Harry Nicholls and Mr. William Lestocq. I have forgotten the story of *Jane*, as I have been to see one or two other plays since then, and one's ideas get mixed up in that way.

THE plot of this particular musical comedy was a very popular one with dramatists at that time. The idea was that a rich uncle or a rich aunt had money to leave to a nephew, sometimes on condition that he remained unmarried, sometimes on condition that he was happily wedded. The mechanical development of the plot proceeded on lines that might have been drawn up by a central clearing house, as it were, for this branch of dramatic industry. If the nephew were required to be single, then the obvious difficulty of accounting for his wife's presence in the house made a good deal of rich and riotous fun. If he were expected to be a married man, it was necessary in order to save the situation that he should try and prevail upon a lady friend to pose as his wife for the term of his wealthy relative's visit. But the complications were all of the obvious kind, and I think were more wittily expressed than they are in the present production. Or it may have been that, to a raw and green youth like myself, their surprising novelty gave them an air of drollery that they might not have possessed for others more matured in the way of error.

HERE we have Bunny Bunting (Mr. Ronald Squire), who has been drawing unwarrantably on his trustee for large sums on account of the alleged extravagance of his wife. After a time the trustee takes it into his head that it is his duty to travel to London and personally to admonish the young woman for her prodigal habits. Bunny has, therefore, first to catch his wife, as it were. Overtures to his *fiancée* with the object of getting married before lunch are rejected promptly. Then there is Mrs. Hubbard, his *fiancée's* aunt, a vigorous performance by Miss Gladys ffolliott. When Bunny suggests to the lady that she should act as his official wife for twenty-four hours, she falls into an eminently respectable fainting fit at the very idea. On thinking the matter over, however, and realising the seriousness of Bunny's position, she agrees to help him to that extent in deceiving his very confiding trustee. But by the time she has come to that decision Bunny has been able to hire another lady for the job.

THEN we come to William, who is the book-keeper at Bunny's furnishing store, which

forms the opening scene of the play. William had that morning married Janet, the cashier of the establishment; but as she desires to keep her job for the sake of the salary, it is agreed between them that their marriage shall be kept secret from everybody, including, apparently, even themselves. They have a quaint duet relating to their situation and deploring the fact that they will have to kiss themselves good-night prior to slumbering in solitude. Janet (Miss Dorothy Brunton) is the lady who has agreed to be her employer's "wife" for the period named, since he has given her a hundred pounds to spend on frocks and things. And thus William, for fear of losing his place in the office, has to stand by and see his bride of an hour taking to another man's kisses as a duck takes to water.

WILLIAM is a new comedian from the States, Mr. Walter Catlett. Our importations from America of late would seem to have been distinctly feline. First we had Pussyfoot, and now we have Mr. Catlett, who, if he will forgive my freedom, is distinctly kittenish. Mr. Catlett is a very welcome addition to the ranks of our funny men, and one gets the impression that if he were allowed to go his own way a little more he would be still more amusing than he is. But he seems to be tied down to the singularly mediocre text of the play, and consequently he seems like a fish out of water; and in the pious endeavour to sock a little humour into his lines he gets a little prosy. He has one very long and very admirable show in the production, during which he dances with about half-a-dozen lovely girls in turn. The girls, who are tastefully dressed in fashions of all kinds, drift on the stage one by one, and make with Mr. Catlett a welcome combination of fun and fancy.

MANY of the songs are very happy. Mr. Squire leads off with a rousing ditty to the effect that you can't play cricket in November or football in June, but as you can love the girls all the year round that sort of thing is

clearly the best of all sports, and for anything I know to the contrary he may be right. Miss Joyce Barbour, who is both comely and clever, sings daintily to the effect that she wishes she had been born a boy, as then she might have a good time and do what the fellows do. Still, there must be some compensation in being a pretty girl, or I suppose there wouldn't be so many of them around. Nature can hardly be so one-sided as that; and if my recollection serves me rightly, when it comes to a champagne supper, the girls seem very well able to absorb their share of the fun. The second act opens on a workroom, which is rapidly transformed into a very artistic sitting-room during the singing of Miss Barbour's song, "My Little Home While You Wait." The ladies of the chorus run in and out during their singing, and each brings in an article of furniture to help to make the "home" complete. It is a novel idea and very well managed.

A PRETTY love duet between Miss Daisy Elliston and Bunny takes place in the showroom of the establishment; and as the love interest is reaching its climax a number of cleaners in green aprons wander round the stage unconcernedly and join in the catchy chorus. Some have feather brushes, which they whisk about the furniture; but the young man with the broom takes his job too seriously. As I saw the dust rising from the floor, I wondered how much of it was being transferred to the lung capacity of the singers. I think if I were singing (a very improbable and mercifully remote contingency) and somebody started brooming up a dusty floor alongside of my vocal effort, I should abandon poetry for the moment and burst into prose of a robust order. I should venture the opinion that if the management were to cut the story of the play a little, and give Mr. Catlett and the girls a longer rope, there would be a chance of *Baby Bunting* being yet numbered among the successes of the hour.

JINGLE

A Leading "Joy-Belle"

Photograph *Arbuthnot*

MISS WANDA LYON

Who is now playing a leading part in that highly-successful revue "Joy-Bells" at the Hippodrome

A Match

By G. W. NELSON

TONY came into my room, helped himself to a cigarette and a whiskey-and-soda, then sat down in the most comfortable chair and gazed into the fire with moody abstraction. I went on writing my article on Pagano-Christian Dualism, nor did I stop till Tony heaved a sigh and murmured with a depth of feeling that was surprising: "She was so beautiful."

I scented Romance, and put down my pen. "Who was beautiful?" I asked.

"She was," he replied, almost rapturously, "and I met her in Savile Row."

"In Savile Row?" I laughed scornfully. "You met your fate in Savile Row?"

"Well, why not?" he asked, irritably.

"But it's so commonplace," I protested. "You'll be telling me next that the Edgware Road is the very heart of Romance."

"I wish you'd be serious," he grumbled.

"But I am. Now, if it had been in Rotten Row instead of in the sartorially sordid surroundings of. . . ."

"Don't be affected," he interrupted. "I had been to my tailors, and I met her. . . ." He paused.

"Go on," I encouraged. "Did you introduce yourself by saying, 'By Jove! didn't I dance with you at the Trevor's ball at the Ritz on the 10th ult?' or did you rush up to her and say, 'Hello, Mildred, old top,' and then apologise."

"Neither. Don't be an ass." Tony can be rude upon occasion.

"Did you speak to her?"

"Ye-es," he hesitated, "about two words."

"How did you do it? I'm interested."

"I set fire to her hat," he said, slowly.

"What!" I gasped.

"I set fire to her hat," he repeated.

"Good lord! What an extraordinary method of introducing yourself. Dangerous, too. Was it a case of necessity knowing no law?"

"Do you think I intended to do it?"

"It sounds as if you did. Perhaps you wished to offer up the object of your sudden adoration as a burnt sacrifice to the implacable Aphrodite in propitiation for the peccadilloes of your amorous past."

"Don't drivel. You see," he explained with simple earnestness, "I was lighting a cigarette as she passed. I simply stared at her, frightfully rude, of course, the match burnt my finger, I threw it away quickly, and it fell on her hat and set it alight."

"I'm not sure that it's not arson," I said. "You could get five years."

"She had that hat off in no time," continued Tony, paying no attention to my remark, "and threw it on the ground, where we watched it burn out. Then she gave me a look, and said, 'I had my hair singed yesterday,' and walked away."

"Anti-climax. Didn't you carefully collect the ashes and put them in a pocket-book next to your heart?"

Tony turned red and left rather hurriedly.

On the following afternoon he dashed into my room. "It's all right," he said, excitedly. "There was an advertisement in the Agony column. 'Will the gentleman who set fire to a lady's hat in Savile Row, etc., communicate with Box 99.' I've written a splendid letter. Oh! topping. Full of sorrow an' all that. Asked for an appointment. She is wonderful, you know."

For the next two hours he talked of nothing else, to the detriment of my work. Before he left he had promised me an introduction, and had asked me, in the event of his happiness culminating in wedding bells, to be best-man.

Two days passed before I saw Tony again. He lit a cigarette, and threw himself into a chair, a picture of commiseration.

"Well," I said, "and when is the wedding?"

"Never," he replied bitterly. He handed me a piece of paper. I took it and read. "For a new hat, £10 10s. Notes to 'S,' Poste Restante, Charing Cross Post Office."

"The only thing, Tony," I murmured, "is *faire l'amende honorable*."

"I've done it."

"Any reply?"

"Yes, this." His voice was tragic. "This" was something heavy wrapped in tissue paper. I opened it. It was a little gold patent lighter.

"I think you're let down lightly," I said after a minute's silence.

"But she was very beautiful," Tony sighed.

THE CHARGE OF THE "LIGHT" BRIGADE
By R. D'Egville

"Good-Bye, Summer"!

THE END OF A PERFECT DAY!

BY ALFRED LEETE

Lenin Goes

MURDER, FROST, AND STARVATION, THE IN

a-Hunting!

EVITABLE COMPANIONS OF BOLSHEVIC RULE

BY LOUIS RAEMAEKERS

The Bystander in Paris

"An Autumn Epidemic."

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN.

To sit with the toes iced, because one does not dare to make a fire

Mes Amis—

It is of one thing that I wish to write, but I will refuse to myself. It is of our strikes of the music-halls and the theatres and the lads of the racing that our minds have been occupied, but it is also my idea that in England you will all have a rage to see written again the word "Strike." *Vous en avez assez, n'est ce pas?*

So we will talk of the life which is not of politics. But, then, it is difficult, because it is, as Édouard has said, that there are only three things in the life, the politics, the love, and the good cooking. The *vie chère*, the raids the police have made on our great shops to see how they do not charge too dear, the silliness to sit with the toes iced because one does not yet dare to make a fire with our so little coal, it is all the politics. And of the love it is not easy to write when one has not oneself for the moment the emotion.

One must regard in another direction

But it is of the love I will write a little, because it is of that *maladie* that Paris is at this time the so unfortunate sufferer as well as of the strikes. One does not know how it has arrived, but everyone is become since the armistice in love. It is not wise that one should regard too close what one sees in the streets, but one does not escape everywhere to see. In the omnibus, in the Metro, in the Bois, in the cafés, in the cabs, everywhere one must regard in another direction, because always there are some who cannot prevent to make of their tenderness a demonstration. It is become an epidemic, this love. Never before has one seen how it spreads itself.

Édouard, who has always an explanation for all the problems of the life, says that it is because now the war is over and there is not any more excitement to fight one is obliged to be in love to occupy oneself, and it is, perhaps, that he has reason.

Even of one's friends who are serious there are those who are become infected. There is, for example, the little Gisèle, who has deceived her mother so badly. She has written to her singing teacher how her family would remain another month in the country, and then she has been discovered to spend the hour of her singing lesson in the gardens of the Luxembourg with a young man whom her family has not known at all—a student of the Quartier, who has written to her poems of his great passion. Now the poor little Gisèle goes back to the convent to cure herself of her *maladie* of the heart, and the poet—it is the habit of the wicked men—will write his poems to some Mimi of the Quartier.

And there is Robert Grellet, who goes to quarrel with his family because he wishes to marry

(Continued on page 266)

The Same Old "Game"!

"Look out, man! Don't fire! He belongs to a Union!"

BY MARCEL CAPY

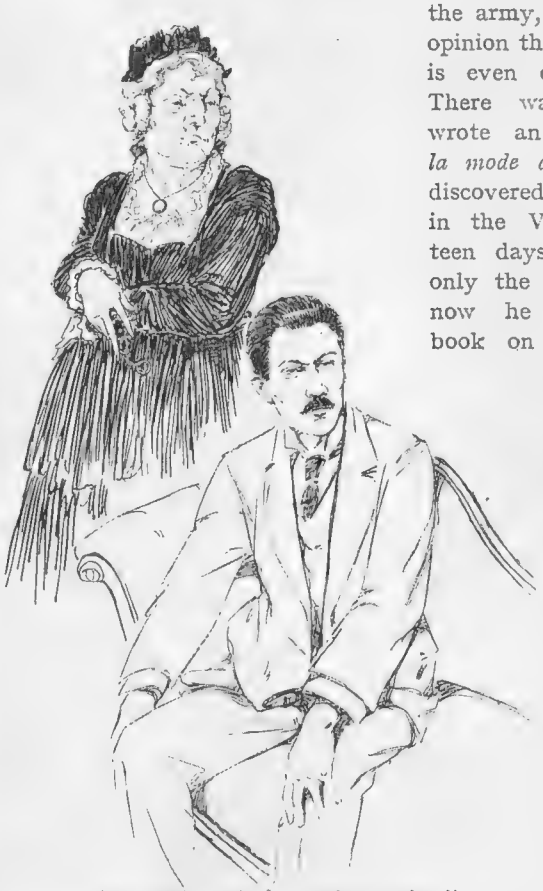
himself with a young girl who has only 25,000 francs of *dot*. "It is to suicide himself," his mother has declared. "This folly, this love! His father and I have succeeded to marry without that nonsense. We have obeyed to our parents. Surely that is enough. The love—it is amusing in the romances, but it has nothing to do with marriage."

But Robert does not content himself of that philosophy. He wishes to make his marriage in the English fashion with his Suzanne and not to think only of the duty to his parents and the *dot* with which he will make his career. But one has sympathy with Madame Grellet, who does not understand, because this epidemic of to love does so much upset the good plans which we make in France. And Madame Grellet had arranged that Robert should marry himself so well with a girl who goes to have a *dot* of a quarter of a million.

Édouard, who is Robert's friend, has told me the story, and he has said how Robert was very foolish to wish to disobey his parents. Afterwards he has said: "But, oh! what ecstacy to be in love like that and to have something to think about except how it is a bore to get up in the morning and shave oneself and whether it is worth while to go to the races to have the emotion to loose one's money."

It is my idea that Édouard would wish to be in love, too, like all the world, but it is instead that he makes a study to discover how the cooking improves in the restaurants. It is the third best of the interests of life, he says in his philosophy, and after to be four years in the trenches and to eat the food of the army, he has the opinion that perhaps it is even of a first importance. There was one day that he wrote an ode to the *tripe à la mode de Caen*, which he has discovered in a little restaurant in the Vosges after being fourteen days in the first line with only the biscuit and soup, and now he prepares to write a book on the cooking of the partridge.

"A student of the Quartier who has written to her poems of his great passion"



"But it has nothing to do with marriage"

When he discovers that at some restaurant *les escargots* are of a flavour and fatness exceptional, he invites Lucile, because she likes better this so strange food than I, and when it is for me that he gives a dinner it is to Paul's that we go, because there one finds how the cook is an artist to prepare the *gibier*, or to another restaurant, of which I will not tell the name, because it is very small, where they cook in the fashion of Provence.

Perhaps you will think, *mes amis*, that it is not polite that I should write so of the good food and the cooking, as if I should think you were all *gourmets*, like Édouard, to be interested. But it is of a great importance, is it not, and it is my idea that when English people come to Paris it is of two things that they think most. The ladies think of the shops and the gentlemen think how good the dinners are after they have succeeded to understand the *menu*.

And perhaps it will be if the strike of your railways re-continues itself it will be to you a pleasure to think of the cooking of France, and it may be that one day you will fly over to take your dinner.

Your friend,

Agnès

"A FAIR COP!" BY BLAMPIED

"Ludendorffo Furioso"

BY THE CONTINENTAL BYSTANDER

YES; the great Ludendorff is a man of temperament. It does not show too plainly in his 397,852 word book; nor did it show after the victory of Tannenburg, when the great man asked to be allowed to eat some English butterscotch found in beaten Samsonoff's baggage. It didn't show much even after the grim days of September, 1918. No; the Continental Bystander's the only Briton living who can swear on oath to two vicious occasions on which Field-Marshal Adjutant-General Erich von Ludendorff was in a furious rage.

BOTH occasions were in snowy Sweden. To Hesselholm, which is a townlet at the railway junction for the ports Malmö and Helsingborg, Field-Marshal Erich, armed with a Finnish passport, fled from Hunland last winter. He stayed in the brand-new country-house of the local proprietor, Olssen. The Continental Bystander wanted to see him, and Erich agreed. He bade the C.B. put up at Hesselholm hotel, and telephone when he arrived. So, armed with seven notebooks for interviews and 8,733,496 fountain pens, the Continental Bystander rushed to Hesselholm.

HESSELHOLM is a nice little placelet on the borders of Province Skane and Province Smaland, Smaland being the country which, legend says, the Lord allowed Saint Peter to create, with the result that Peter failed dismally, and produced chiefly stones. When the Continental Bystander telephoned reporting that he had come to see Field-Marshal Erich, he was met with the thin feminine voice of Ludendorff's hostess, and with the vicious news that Field-Marshal Erich would not see him, because Field-Marshal Erich was in a furious rage. He would see nobody on earth, vowed the feminine voice; he was busy cursing Sweden; and he was going to tear to pieces his miraculous 7,508,963 word book; and shake the dust—that is, the stones—of Smaland off his jack-boot soles. "What's he doing now?" asked the pertinacious C.B. "He's cussing," said the feminine voice. And next day, having cussed the paper off the walls of the Olssen drawing-room, Erich did shake the stones of Smaland off his Prussic jack-boots, and returned to hungry Berlin.

WHAT was it all about? About nothing. When you visit any neutral country you get a permit to stay only for a fixed term; Field-Marshal Erich had a

GENERAL LUDENDORFF

Germany's adored Military Organiser, has resigned. He was said to be the "brains" of Hindenburg, and has recently published a book embodying his version of the War

pass for a month; when it expired and when he applied for another month, some whippersnapper bureaucratlet in Stockholm Foreign Office replied that Erich could have his permit only for a fortnight. The whippersnapper had no reason at all for curtailing Erich's stay; he was merely exerting his brief authority, showing that he did not grant permit applications without properly considering them, and in general trying, by making trouble, to justify his bureaucratic existence. But Field-Marshal Erich took the whippersnapper's action tragically. He was furious; he cussed; his wrath exceeded Achilles's when he lost Briseis, or the Continental Bystander's when he lost his boat train for the Continent because the office of the biggest hotel in London (having lost its efficient Prussic spy-manager in fierce 1914) could not change a miserable five-pound note.

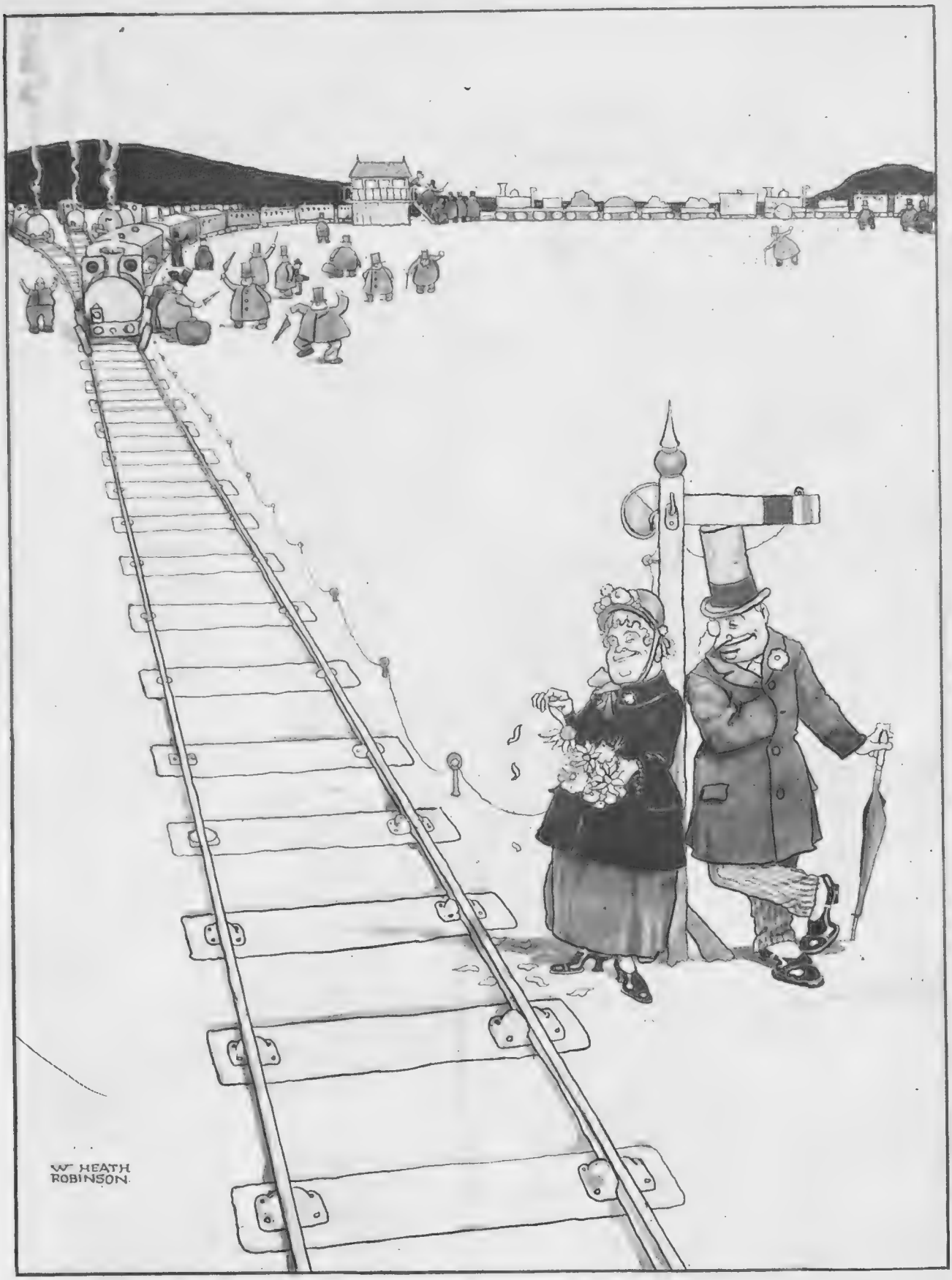
ERICH, the C.B. must premise, did not want to be a noble. He was born, he always told everyone with vanity, plain baby Ludendorff, without the ennobling-degrading "von"; and he became a "von" and a noble merely because every Prussic general who attained corps-commander's rank automatically became a "von." But Erich disliked the "von"; he reasoned that captious critics might wrongfully assume that he attained chief command over Hunland's legions merely because he was a "von" born in the purple, and not because he was a new Napoleon. So when the Revolution dropped Kaiser Wilhelm, Erich dropped the "von."

BUT he didn't warn people about it. And that brought storms. A certain ignoramus Swede had a legal agreement with Field-Marshal Erich; and he brought it down to Hesselholm the day after the Great Rage over the whippersnapper, and before the Great Rage had time to calm. Ludendorff received him with a stony glare, and bade him read aloud. "Articles of Agreement," began the trembling Swede, "between the firm of Butterlund and Jamstierna of the first part and Field-Marshal Adjutant-General Erich von Lu. . . . ." A pandemonic cuss interrupted him. Before he had time to gasp, a stiff Ludendorffian fist gripped the insulting manuscript, tore it away, and in a second it was under Erich's top-boot. The Swede turned white. "What's the matter?" he stammered.

"THE matter?" cussed Erich. "You dare to call me *von* Ludendorff. This Sweden of yours is the bl——diest country in all d——d creation. I am *not* a noble. It is an insult to call me a noble. I am Erich Ludendorff without any of your vons. *Ich bin buergerlich!* D——! b——!——! ——!——!". The frightened Swede gathered up his parchment, and fled. In his ears long resounded the ultimate Ludendorffian cuss.

How the Trains Get Delayed

ON THE LONDON, BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY

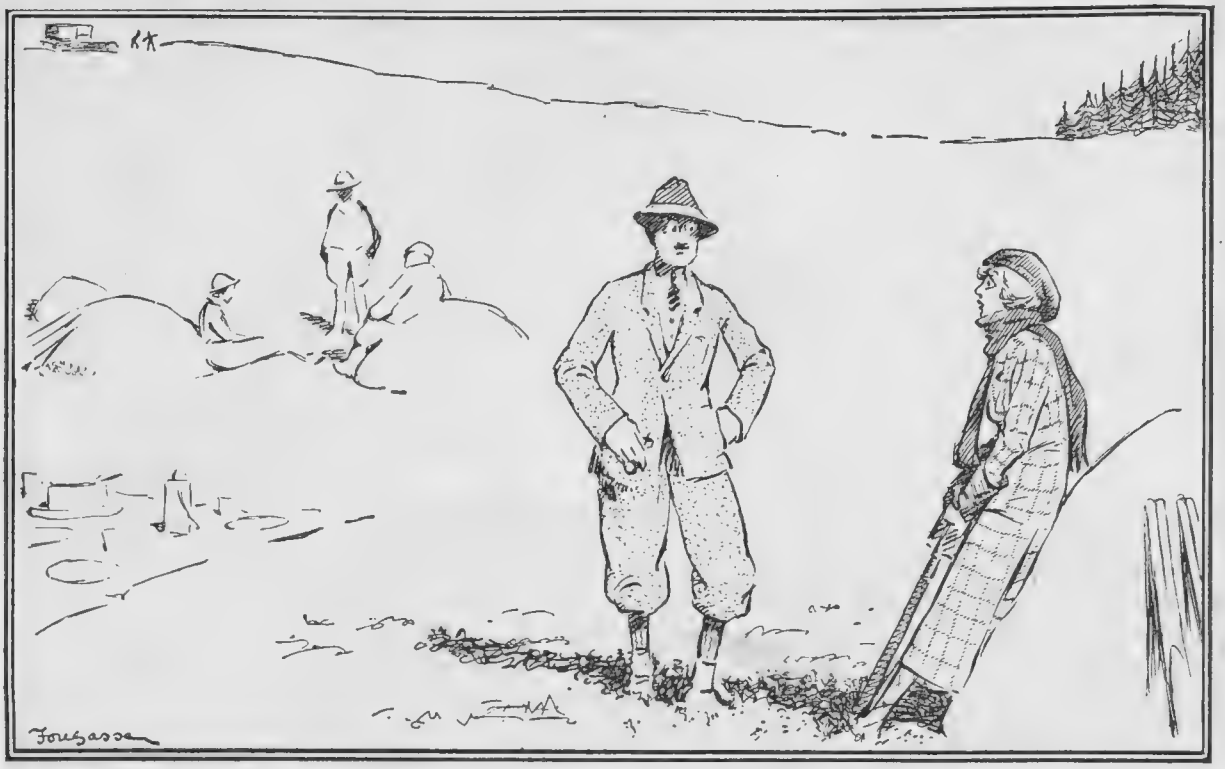


Nothing of this sort happened when the volunteers ran the trains during the strike

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

The Force of "Habit"

BY WILMOT LUNT



"I suppose you haven't done much shooting these last few years—been too busy winning the War?"
"Winning the War? Good Heavens, no! I've been in the Army all the time!"

By Fougasse

Blood Tells

By ERIC GORDON

HARRY STEINBERG was an American by birth, a half-German by descent. His father, who had emigrated at the age of twenty—a Social Democrat in the days when a German might as well label himself "Murderer" as Social Democrat—had given his love to the country of his adoption, and his two sons to the American Army when War came; but even now he could not pronounce "th" other than as "d." Young Steinberg had been in the infantry, in the thick of things—had once been in hospital with a scratch. It was during his recovery from the scratch that he had lost his brother, Wilfrid (who had been in the same company with him), during a German raid on their lines on the Marne in the summer of '17.

It was not long afterwards that the battalion had moved forward. Young Steinberg had done his full share of the moving, which had not involved the use of his legs alone, but also a fair amount of exercise for the biceps, in connection with what his English sergeant-instructor had succinctly described on parade as "in—out—withdraw."

These details, however, did not prevent him from finding Coblentz a very pleasant spot, after the Armistice had landed his division there as part of America's pledge to see that "they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

Naturally, he fell on his feet there more quickly than most. As far as language was concerned, German came as naturally to him as English, but, quite apart from that, he felt himself immediately at home on German soil.

"Their kit made the difference," he said to his mate once, "if I chanced to meet one of these civvy fellers we drink with in his old dirty grey uniform one evening, and I had a gun aboard—it would be him for Kingdom Come. But as it is. . . ."

That was how he strengthened his failing convictions.

As a matter of fact, he had begun to wonder whether he was not, after all, more German than American even before he met Greta. The accidental encounter with a German, an undoubted second cousin of his, had shaken his faith in the creed of utter hatred in all Germans that he had clung to up till then all the more fervently on account of his own Teutonic origin. The cousin was a sound fellow; there was no doubt that he had served what he believed to be the right cause as faithfully as Harry Steinberg himself. The meeting had inspired Harry to write home his whole views on the question of international hate.

"Say what you like about the German nation," he had written, "Adolf is my blood-cousin—and blood tells."

It was at his cousin's house that he had first met Greta. She was a delightful product of her country—and, War prejudice aside, the Rhine *can* occasionally produce beauty allied to daintiness. No end would be served by cataloguing her charms—suffice it that to Harry they were very apparent.

Long walks through the woods opposite Coblentz rendered all the more fascinating by the necessity of keeping an eye open for M.P.'s, themselves on the look-out for fraternisers; delightful evenings in secluded Biergartens by the river's bank had their effect on him; in fact, he had made up his mind as to what he would ask her long before the evening when he was formally invited to come in to a

"BLOOD TELLS" (*concluded*)

gemütliche Abend and meet her parents.

There had been some delay, because the parents were *echt Deutsch*, and much less anxious to meet Harry than Harry—who by now was quite broad-minded—was to meet them. There was also a brother—Greta had always said he would be a stumbling block; indeed, the fact of her friendship with an American soldier had had to be kept from him long after the parents knew. However, it had been arranged at last, and with much sharp bending of stiff backs, Harry was presented to the family, consisting of Greta's father, mother, and brother.

Awkwardly as the evening began, under the influence of an apparently bottomless "Bowle," things soon improved. The redoubtable brother turned out the pleasantest of the lot. In fact, so amicable did everything become that Harry eventually found himself alone with him involved in a fascinating discussion of local tactics, as seen from both sides of the line. The brother had held a reserve commission during the War, but was sane enough to compare notes with Harry without animosity.

It was only natural that he should finally take Harry upstairs to see his collection of war souvenirs—the usual medley of fuses, shell fragments, and captured equipment. It was Harry himself, however, who spotted the tin helmet.

"Got that in a raid on the Marne in '17," said Greta's brother, tentatively. "War is war, of course—shot the poor blighter before I knew it—we had to run suddenly, and I grabbed this as a souvenir of the show, though I don't much like the idea of keeping the hat of a man I—well, of a dead man."

While he spoke Harry Steinberg had been examining the helmet. When he put it down he was quite pale, and with an indistinctness of speech, by no means justified by the amount of Bowle he had drunk, excused himself, and went home.

He never saw Greta again, but applied the following morning to American G.H.Q. for immediate demobilisation. What he had seen on the helmet, or, to be more exact, on the strap thereof, were the initials "W.K.S."—roughly marked in indelible pencil—and a brown stain. In his letter announcing his early return he was quite unaware of repetition when he told his father, "In spite of the fascinations of Rhineland, I long to be home—blood tells."

Curiously enough, Greta's brother made use of a rather similar phrase in returning a bulky package to a brother ex-officer two days later. "I think even without my improvements your souvenir would have put him off, but, thanks to my having learnt all his history from Greta's chatter, I was able to make things quite certain, and, "*das Blut hat seine Wirkung gehabt.*"

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MISS PHYLLIS TITMUSS

As she appears in "Bran Pie" at the Prince of Wales Theatre

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When We All Graft Monkey Glands!

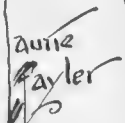
If we get back this far the food problem solves itself

The tail grip will be popular in dancing

The housing difficulty will have no more terrors

Clumsy youth may still trip - on the tail not the train

But it will be an awful bore to live for ever



A scientist recently suggested that a new "elixir of life" might be found in the "grafting" of glands taken from monkeys on to the human body in old age

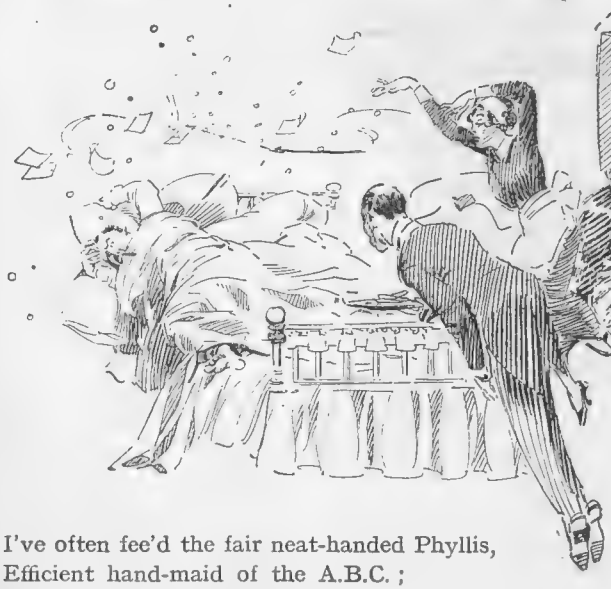
BY LAURIE TAYLER

THE PENITENT

By A. A. THOMSON

[The Postmen's Federation has drawn up a resolution stating that the practice of receiving tips and Christmas boxes is pernicious and degrading.]

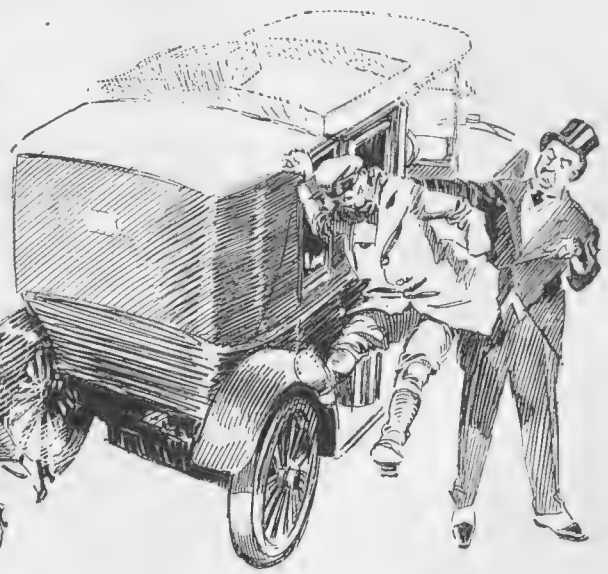
TIME was when I, by foolish impulse guided,
Oft pressed damp coppers in a porter's hand;
Unconscious of the evil thing that I did,
I tipped fat cabmen, bowling down the Strand.
I did what now I know I didn't orter,
And sadly wronged the cabby and the porter.



I've often fee'd the fair neat-handed Phyllis,
Efficient hand-maid of the A.B.C.;
I've shed *largesse* (however big the bill is)
On watchful waiters who have brought me tea.
Nor bitter tears nor loss of beauty sleep'll
Console me for the harm I wrought these people.

I mean no ill; with them I had no quarrel;
To sear their simple souls was not my wish,
But now I learn my conduct was immoral,
Opprobrious, degrading, and pernish.
I weep to think how my misguided manners
Impelled me to disburse those tainted tanners.

But never more shall Satan catch me tripping,
I'll know *in fewch* exactly what to do.
Should e'er temptation point the way to tipping
I'll steel my heartstrings and my purse-strings too.
Seizing my taxi-driver by the collar,
I'll hold aloft my criminal half-dollar.



"Behold," I'll say, "the wrong I almost did you:
Here's degradation in a silvern shape.
To take this coin I was about to bid you;
Ponder your narrow, merciful escape.
For oh, your moral sense! I dare not shock it."

. . . . . .

And then I'll shove the half-crown in my pocket

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

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FOUNDER'S DAY AT HARROW

The teams turning out for the annual matches between past and present members of the School. The day is celebrated by a regular orgie of football, there being five teams, or 55 players, on each side. The Harrow game is a mixture of Rugby and Association

Games and Pastimes

RUGBY FOOTBALL

A Plea for Punctuality

The efforts which are being made by the Blackheath Club to ensure greater punctuality in kicking-off at Club matches will meet with the hearty approval of all those who are addicted to looking on at Rugby football. They have issued a circular to Clubs on their fixture list suggesting that in all matches played on the Rectory Field the kick-off shall take place at the advertised time, irrespective of whether the full number of players on each side are present and ready to take the field or not. They also suggest that the same practice should be adopted on grounds where they are the visitors.

The Independent View

I am not at present aware how this suggestion has been received by the majority of Blackheath's opponents, but I imagine that there is bound to be a certain amount of opposition to it. It will doubtless be contended that Rugby is an amateur game and not (like professional Association football) a form of public entertainment; that the players are there for their own amusement; and that it is entirely their own affair if they choose to wait about for players who are, perhaps quite unavoidably, late, instead of starting the match in circumstances in which one of the two sides would probably be more or less seriously handicapped. But this contention does not quite cover the whole ground.

Consider the Public

I think the correct view is that where a Club admits the public to the grounds, charges for such admission, and invites them to come by advertising its matches, the time of the kick-off, etc., it owes them a certain duty as guests — paying guests if you like, but still guests—to consult their convenience and abide by the arrangements which it has made. Unpunctuality at the kick-off is much less prevalent than it used to be, but there is still a good deal of it, and I am sure that Blackheath have made a move in the right direction.

THE "VICTORY" INTERNATIONAL AT CARDIFF

The captains, Knight (England, left) and Meredith (Wales) tossing for choice of ends before the Association match on the 11th between England and Wales. Meredith is something of a marvel, for, though 45 years old, he was the best player on the field, and contributed largely to his team's unexpected win by 2 goals to 1

Late Start, Dark Finish

There is just one other thing. When the afternoons are at their shortest, an early kick-off is essential from a playing point of view, yet in the past one has seen, or tried to see, many a match finished in semi-darkness, owing

to an unpunctual start. When this happens the game itself suffers, not only as a spectacle but as a game, and the players, through having lost time when the light was good, are robbed of a good deal of enjoyment.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The New Date for the 'Varsity Match

The 'Varsity Soccer match is to be played the day before the 'Varsity Rugger match, *i.e.*, on December 8, at Queen's Club, and a great many people are wondering why this thusness when hitherto it has always been held after Christmas? There is, of course, no particular reason why it should not be played before Christmas. If two representative Rugger sides can be get ready by December it would seem that the same thing can be managed in Soccer. Nor have I ever held with the view that the Rugger match ought to be put off till after Christmas, so as to give more time for the trial and selection of the teams, because it also gives the men whose places are assured more time to get stale or to get crocked. There is probably some good reason for the putting forward of the Soccer date, and I should not be at all surprised to find that it has been done on account of the growth of hockey. Very few men play both Rugger and Soccer, but a good many play football under one of the two codes and hockey, and it is quite conceivable that the playing of the Soccer as well as of the Rugger match during the present term is arranged with the object of leaving next term freer for those who want to change over from football to hockey, and perhaps try for another Blue.

"GOAL!" By Alfred Leete

HOCKEY

Oxford

Hockey has made an auspicious start, especially in the London District and at Oxford and Cambridge. The 'Varsity match is fixed for February 25, and will be played as of yore on the ground of the Beckenham H.C. Oxford, whose hon. secretary is D. O'Shea, of Exeter, have the whole of the XI. who played against Oxfordshire last season in residence, and in H. L. Price (Corpus), L. J. Barford (Queens), and F. W. Rowbotham (St. Edmund's Hall) they have three good men. There are also any number of promising Freshmen, as is proved by the fact that the Freshmen beat the Seniors in a trial match last week, in which Hands, who scored twice for the winners, proved a thoroughly capable inside right, whilst Jones, at right half-back, also proved an acquisition. If there is any difficulty about choosing a team it looks as though it will be mainly on the score of *embarras de richesse*.

Cambridge

Cambridge are not so well off in the matter of Seniors, but have nothing to complain of as regards Freshmen. G. L. Corfield is the Cambridge hon. secretary; he gained his Blue as a half-back in the last 'Varsity match before the War, but it seems doubtful whether he will be still in residence at the end of February. After Christmas another old Blue, G. E. C. Wood, a Blue likewise for cricket, and one of the best wicket-keepers of the day, will be available. Before Christmas, Wood will devote his energies to Rugby football, and as he is a three-quarter of more than ordinary ability, is quite likely to be a triple Blue before he is much older. I have seen it stated that this will preclude him from playing for Cambridge at hockey, because it would be unfair to put him in to the exclusion of someone who had been "playing regularly" for the team. This is, of course, nonsense. Playing regularly is not in itself a qualification for a Blue; and, in view of what I have said in the last paragraph but one, I fully expect to see plenty of men playing football this term and hockey next.

H. S. S.

"A Good Lie—Over the Wire"

ON THE 'PHONE: "Can't possibly meet you this afternoon, m' dear, as business is taking me out of town for a good few hours at least! Awful luck, isn't it?"

BY BLAMPIED

Photograph *Mahoney*

Hunting and the "P.O.W."

WRITING to me from Warwickshire a few weeks ago, a friend asked, "What is in the wind? I have been suddenly besieged by offers for my little hunting-box at Kineton—four letters and two wires in one day." The secret is now out. The Prince of Wales is to hunt in Warwickshire on his return from his long trip, and the delights of this country have suddenly become more widely appreciated. As a matter of fact, the Warwickshire country can claim a great advantage over other districts in the Shires at the moment, in that it is less extensively wired. The Pytchley country finds itself heavily burdened with wire after the inevitable accumulations of the War. Sir Charles Frederick, an energetic M.F.H., will soon bring about an improvement in this respect, but at present some of the best parts of the district, such as the delightful Crick Vale, do not possess their former attractions to hard riders to hounds. Mr. Joshua Fielden, who hunts the Warwickshire, in conjunction with Lord Willoughby de Broke, is an eminently practical M.F.H., who has done much to maintain the high reputation these hounds gained during the late Lord Willoughby's long and highly successful period of control.

Photograph *Sport and General*

MISS EDITH SOMERVILLE
Who has resigned the Mastership of the West Carbery Foxhounds, after holding it for 18 years

War Medal for Puppy-Walkers

A VERY happy idea has occurred to the Belvoir Hunt Committee. They have decided to acknowledge the loyalty of those farmers and others in the country who walked puppies during the last two seasons of the War—the most trying period through which fox-hunting has ever passed. Each puppy-walker is to receive a medallion in bronze. One side of the souvenir bears the embossed head of a foxhound, with a laurel wreath below, circularly inscribed, "Belvoir Hunt Puppy Walk," and on the reverse side, "For Carrying-on, 1917–18: A friend in need is a friend indeed." The other medal shows a view of Belvoir Castle, and is inscribed, "For holding on, 1918–19: It's the last lap that counts." Thanks to the co-operation of puppy-walkers the famous Belvoir pack, the most valuable in the Kingdom, has been maintained not much below pre-war strength, and Major Bouch was able to send no fewer than eighty couples of whelps to walk this year.

The Opening Meets

THERE will be gay scenes at the opening meets during the ensuing fortnight. Such an array of scarlet and white as will greet the eye has not been seen since 1913. Yet with it all a touch of melancholy will be inevitable. I should be sorry if such a feeling were not there. As we look round the field of horsemen, shall we not sadly, yet proudly, recall those gallant fellows who were with us at the opening meets six years ago, and have since given their lives gloriously to their country? Among those on the active list of Masters in the season preceding the outbreak of War,

(*Continued on page 285*)

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Out with the Whaddon Chase (Committee)

Photograph *Sport and General*

SOME OF THE FIELD IN BAKER'S WOOD

Lord Robert Manners, Major Allan Palmer, Lord Feversham, Captain S. H. Christy, Sir Montague Cholmeley, Captain J. P. Longfield, Captain T. O. Clemson, Sir Robert Filmer, Captain M. K. A. Lloyd, the Hon. Harry Vane, Captain M. L. Albright, and Colonel Gray-Cheape all made the supreme sacrifice. We must not allow the opening of the season to pass without a deep tribute to their memory.

How Hunting Stands

I HAVE written "something like" the old lines, because fox-hunting does not stand quite where it did before the War. The vast economic changes which have spread over the country as the result of five years of bitter war have naturally not been without their effect upon the Chase. Many big properties have been split up into small fragments, forage has become comparatively scarce and frightfully expensive, agriculturists are securing remarkable prices for their crops, and the question of damage to seeds and young wheat will be correspondingly more serious than it formerly was. A. W. C.

Photograph *Central News*

LADY MARY FITZMAURICE

At a recent meet of the Whaddon Chase Committee Hunt

RACING NOTIONS

NEWBURY AND SANDOWN. By "CARBINE"

Cambridgeshire Prospects

Golden Melody gave us a very good run for our money in the Cesarewitch, and those who got on him "each way" at good odds when I first recommended him in these notes will have made a profit. "Bob" Gore, his trainer, said after the race that the hard ground stopped him. For my own part, I thought the horse was a trifle unlucky in being baulked of an opening just before reaching the Bushes. But I dislike making excuses for beaten horses. I expect Alasnam will touch a short price for the Cambridgeshire after his prominent display last week. Sir Abe Bailey backed him to win a fortune, and has also supported him heavily for the Houghton race. I do not like the colt; he looks common and coachy. But he can evidently go, and is scarcely to be left out of the Cambridgeshire reckoning. More to my liking is Sir Berkeley. The Duke of Portland's colt ran well enough in the Duke of York Stakes to give him a big chance next week. Those smart mares, Chuette and My Dear, will also have to be reckoned with, while, of course, you cannot leave out Zinovia if she is relatively as good as she was at this time last year. For the moment, however, Sir Berkeley is my selection.

Photograph *Topical*

MRS. FERNIE

Who has become the Master of the Fernie Hunt, taking the place of her husband, Mr. Fernie, who died recently

This Week's Meetings

During the present week there will be plenty of interesting racing both in north and south. Newbury is the attraction on Tuesday and Wednesday. Those who lost money over Gay Lord in the Cesarewitch will have a chance of getting it back in the Newbury Autumn Handicap, for his weight will allow of a strong jockey being on his back, and the distance should exactly suit him. Regarding Chat Tor as the chief danger to him, I shall go for **Gay Lord.** For the Reading Nursery on the same afternoon **Pelops** strongly recommends himself by his recent running at Kempton. **Charles Surface** is my fancy for the Orleans Nursery at Sandown on Thursday, and **Dumb Waiter** may win the Temple Handicap, while I shall rely on **Vice Versa** to secure the Wheatsheaf Handicap on the second day. The third day's racing is devoted to jumping, and we hope to pick up some useful pointers for the winter's sport.

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JAZZING.
By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

PEACE!
And plenty—
Of Manchurian meat
And miscarried mutton
And mournful mobs
Of struggling serfs
Storming the Tube
And besieging the 'bus
Or begging for beer
In plutocrats' pubs
And feeding on fruits of victory.

* * * *

And a very new world
Of parvenu peers
And bung baronets
And niggardly knights,
Whose honours were won
On the fields of finance,
And proud profiteers,
Fed fat by the war,
Now prey on the peace
By filching the fruits of victory.

* * * *

All this is, of course, merely jazzing with the millennium. It is written in a spirit of mischievous merriment, which might not appear unbecoming in these serious days of peace.

It should not be mistaken as another example of the exuberant decadence of Youth.

While the splendid old men so wisely settle the destinies of the world, Youth should hold its breath—and purse. And Middle Age its sides—with Dionysian laughter.

Age feebly fiddles while Youth brilliantly burns.

* * * *

It is Pope & Bradley's pleasure to equip young men. They regret they have no time at present to clothe old men. Youth has now to fight to liquidate the legacies of Youth.

Incidentally, old men have not the figures to carry Pope & Bradley's clothes. They must be left to wrap themselves in their Treasury notes.

Lounge Suits from £10 10 0 **Dinner Suits** from £14 14 0
Overcoats from £10 10 0 **Riding Breeches** from £5 15 6

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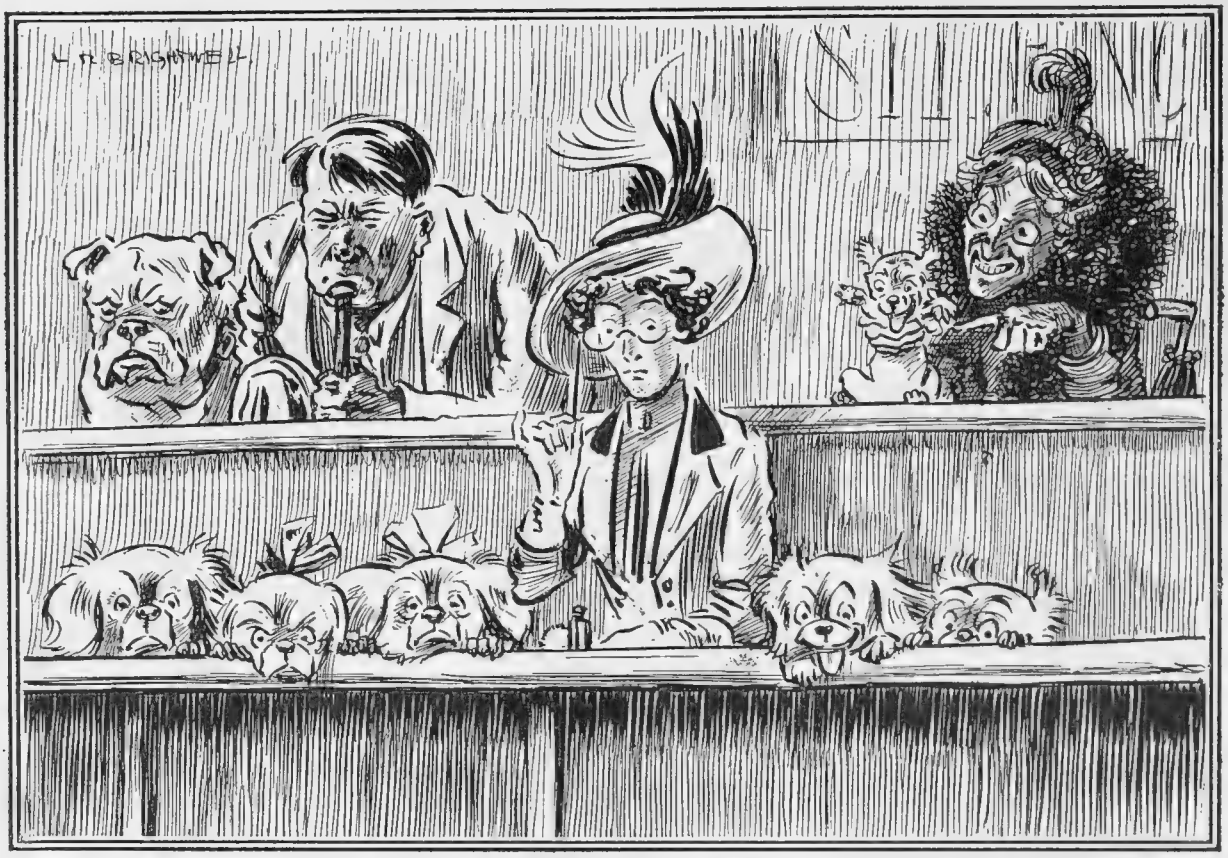
Candour!

BAD-LUCK EXPERT: "There's a shot I deserved six for!"
HIS OPPONENT: "Yes—months!"

BY THORPE

The Law Courts—



—THE PUBLIC GALLERY AT THE NEXT "DOG" TRIAL

By L. R. Brightwell.

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The skin should be kept well nourished with POND'S —the ORIGINAL—Vanishing Cream, the use of which is so simple and helpful to the appearance of the face, neck and hands. No grease or stickiness. Applied gently with the finger-tips night and morning, Pond's Vanishing Cream, with the perfume of sweet Jacqueminot Roses, leaves behind the charm of a delightful fragrance.

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JOHN PLAYER & SONS, NOTTINGHAM.

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A New Literary Log Rolled by Ralph Straus

Do you want a really fine book of which you will read every page with the keenest delight and amusement? Mr. Compton Mackenzie's new novel, *Poor Relations* (Secker: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), which has nothing to say of any of those people whose adventures he has been describing in such detail for years back, should assuredly suit you. It is entirely unlike anything that Mr. Mackenzie has done—a frolicsome farce of a book, sketched out with great care and written throughout in the author's best manner. There are quaint little touches about it which bring a sort of solemn joy in their trail. "Why, he has noticed *that*," you think. "I never suspected that anyone but myself was aware of it." And everyone of his characters, from John Touchwood himself, who failed at realistic fiction and succeeded with romantic drama, to the pseudo-American toboggan which seems to have a passive personality of its own, is quite astonishingly alive and unmistakably real.

⁂ ⁂

It is John's great success that causes the trouble. As a popular dramatist with a simple—all-too-simple, perhaps—heart, John has naturally purchased a country estate for himself. His old mother, of course, has every right to end her days beneath his roof playing patience. But the Touchwood family is large and out for what it can get. There is a widowed sister with an entomological son who ought never to have been born. Another sister is married to an ex-clergyman with an ill-judged passion for drama of his own composition. There is the eldest brother James with a wife, neither of whom seem to enjoy any income at all. There is the egregious George with his knitting and an actress for wife, and his only justification for existing at all is the fact that his two children are dears. They, at least, are genuinely fond of their uncle, and have no hesitation in showing it by turning his house into a wet pig-sty. And, finally, there is Hugh, the Benjamin of the family, who coolly commits forgery and expects his rich brother to pay up and forget.

⁂ ⁂

Indeed, John's poor relations give him such a bad time that in order to complete his new play he is forced to engage a confidential secretary. For this purpose he chooses Miss Doris Hamilton, whom he had met on board the *Murmania* crossing from New York. Miss Hamilton has refused to be a poor relation herself, and her coming alters John's views about his family. There is a beautiful scene at the end when he leaves his estate in five equal portions to his family, and clears off to America with his wife. But the whole book is a beautiful affair with laughter and good cheer, and a dig or two now and then at cherished beliefs, to colour its pages. *Poor Relations* will be the jolliest book of the season

⁂ ⁂

It is good to see Captain Desmond Coke's name to a book once again, particularly to a book like *Youth, Youth . . .!* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), which deals wholly with that schoolboy whom he knows so exceedingly well. The stories which make up the book have a humorous touch; they wisely attempt no "problem" at all. There are all sorts of boys and all sorts of masters, and it says much for the author that both are portrayed without bias or caricature. These, indeed, are jolly good yarns, unexpected at times and always ingratiating. You might think that all boyish troubles and scrapes had been written to death, but Captain Coke has a fertile imagination, and projects his young heroes into a number of quaint situations. Moreover his

AN AWFUL BLUNDER

"I have been told, Major, that you have spoken ill about pretty women!"
"Oh! dear madam! Be sure that I was not speaking of you!"

By Djilio

A NEW LITERARY LOG (concluded)

stories read true, and make up the sort of book you immediately decide to buy as a present—Mr. H. M. Brock has done a multitude of splendid illustrations—but retain for yourself.

⁂ ⁂

WERE it not for Mr. Francis Brett Young's engaging methods of writing, I should be tempted to say that his new novel, *The Young Physician* (Collins: 7*s.* net) is too long, and yet at the end its hero, Edwin Ingleby, has only just passed his final examination in medicine—a fact which suggests that a sequal will come in due course. Edwin is an ordinary soul, the son of a chemist in that small Midland town where Shenstone's once famous grounds now form part of a golf course. The earlier half of the book deals entirely with his life at school—a faithful, outspoken record of no little value and interest. The second half gives you a detailed description of the career of a medical student at the Birmingham University. It is all so well done that you lose sight of the fact that there is practically no story at all. And yet Edwin stands out, like his father and his friend W.G., and all the other acquaintances he makes. I have no doubt whatever that he will make a competent doctor—until he finds other, perhaps literary, calls on his time. Meanwhile, it will be well to make his acquaintance and wait for the sequel.

Photograph *S. J. Loeb*

MME. GUILHERMINA SUGGIA

A great 'cellist, who is playing at the Queen's Hall on Saturday, October 25

⁂ ⁂

I RECOMMEND *Syllabub Farm* (Hodder and Stoughton: 7*s.* net). Its author is Mr. H. T. Sherringham. The book is neither a novel nor a serious essay on war-time agriculture. It is a gossipy, amusingly quaint picture of life in the country as two or three good-natured, and, I suspect, elderly town-lubbering folk (with a keen eye for jokes, dogs, children's games, ponds in gardens, scythes, wasps, and the correct age of horses) found it during the War. Mr. Sherringham has a quiet fund of humour of his own which puts you in a good humour at the start, and awakens in your superior breast a very warm interest in all the affairs of Syllabub Farm.

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MOTORING AND AVIATION

THE CUSTOM HOUSE AT HOUNSLOW
In connection with the aeroplane transport service for the conveyance of goods, mails, etc., between London and the Continent

WHETHER it is the result of high production work during the War or else of a wave of commercial probity, it is wonderful how kind everybody is becoming all at once to motor-car owners. No, what I mean is that nowadays the people who build cars to sell don't talk so much about the points of the cheerful old 'bus, but try and impress the buyers of same that "our service" is IT in big caps, and don't you forget it. Talk about being fed with a spoon, it's nothing to what the "service" system is going to do for one, as each sale side of all the factories that build cars is going to compete in deeds of kindness to motor-car owners, so as to get them to purchase their wares. In case I was soaring too high, and to come down to earth again, I thought I would have a chat with one or two people of these kindly attentions.

* * *

CHANCE ran me into Mr. E. H. Lancaster, of Gladiator and Deasy fame. I had heard that he was so taken with these ideas that he had joined Mr. G. G. Mitcheson, and they were running the new Albert car, built by Messrs. Adam, Grimaldi, and Co., so I thought it might be interesting to hear his views. It appears that their firm, the Service Motor Company, have evolved a scheme which is designed to meet all possible contingencies with efficiency and despatch. Firstly, they have taken over all the output of the Albert car. These service depots are to be established in various areas throughout the Kingdom. The engineers and staffs of these depots will be specially trained in the construction details of the Albert car, and their advice to owners and to the trade shops alike will be free of charge. That sounds all right anyway for a start; the only trouble is, will people be satisfied for advice that they don't have to pay for? The human race is such a contrary beast. But I am digressing. No direct sales or repairs will be undertaken by the service depots, the trade agents alone will do the actual deal in the car between the public and the maker. The function of the depots will be to stock and supply immediately spares of every description, to help and advise the Albert car owners, and generally to back up the work of the trade agents. The result hoped for is that should one of their car-owners have a breakdown or want the car tuned up a bit, it will not be necessary for the car to come back to the works, as any of the agents, backed up by the service depots, will be able to do the job. Also this system will relieve the factory of all work, except that of output on productive lines of complete cars and spare parts, which has its advantage from a manufacturing point of view.

AEROPLANES ON PARADE
A photograph taken from a Zeppelin hangar of three squadrons of Bristol Fighters during a general inspection by General Sir William Robertson, at Spiel, near Cologne

MOTORING AND AVIATION (concluded)

As for the car itself, the Albert chassis is fitted with the usual standard engine of four cylinders rated at 11.9 h.p., thermo-syphon cooling, four gears, and a reverse in a central gate change gearbox, gravity petrol tank in scuttle, C.A.V. lighting and starting set, two spare wheels and tyres, and the usual equipment on a four-seater or two-seater or other coachwork as desired. The particular point of interest is the springing, in which great care has been taken to ensure comfort. This is effected by specially designed cantilever type springs on both front and back axles, but, as the car itself can be seen and tested, these points can best be judged by practical experience on the road by those interested. Anyway, the service part of the business will be well looked after, as both Mr. Mitcheson and Mr. Lancaster are a pair of hustlers, so that buyers of this car can be sure of attention, which, I suppose, is really the true definition of service as construed motorly.

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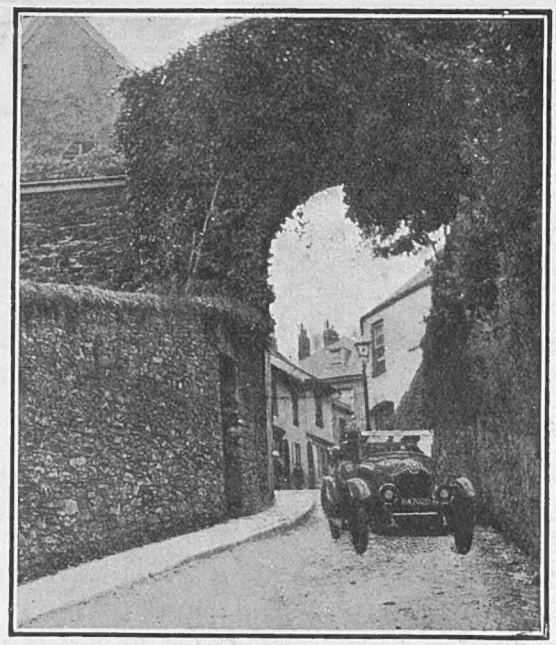
At the Paris motor show the French manufacturers never hesitated to quote their goods at so many thousand francs, and were quite willing to accept orders at the figure given. Here every manufacturer has a "strike" clause, otherwise a condition that the price is so and so unless a rise in wages and materials takes place, and they reserve the right to increase their charges accordingly. What about a fall in prices, my masters? I suppose it may sound like the millennium, but it might come off. Even disregarding such a contingency, it does seem ridiculous that the motor manufacturers will not take the ordinary commercial risk like other merchants, and quote fixed prices without any reservation. Surely the margin for contingencies in their bill of costs should be able to cover any possible rise that might take place. I am led to make these remarks because I have received several letters complaining that the writers had given orders for cars which had been accepted, and now have been told that they have to pay quite considerable extra sums to get the goods. I know business is business, but this seems bad business for goodwill. OLD HY.



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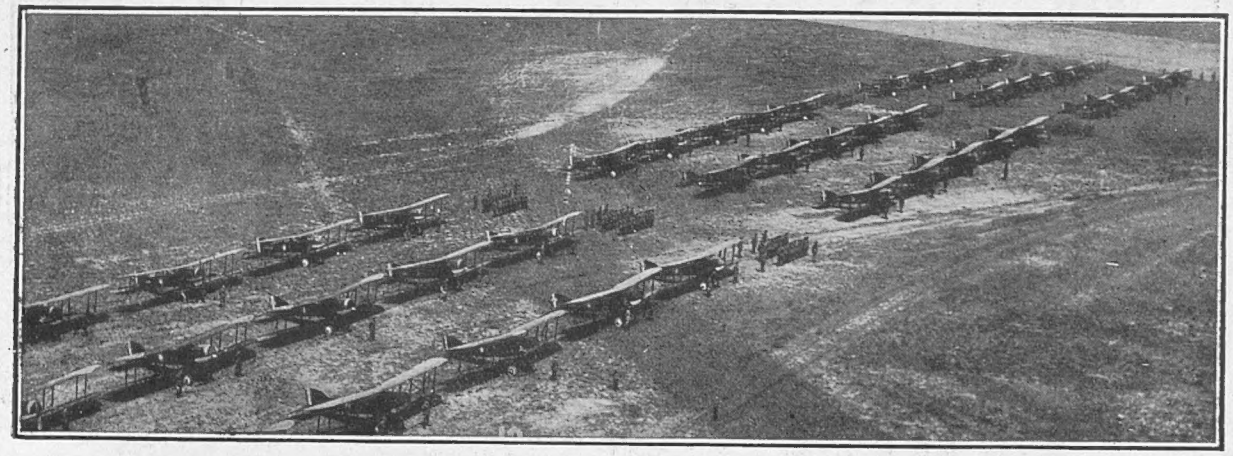

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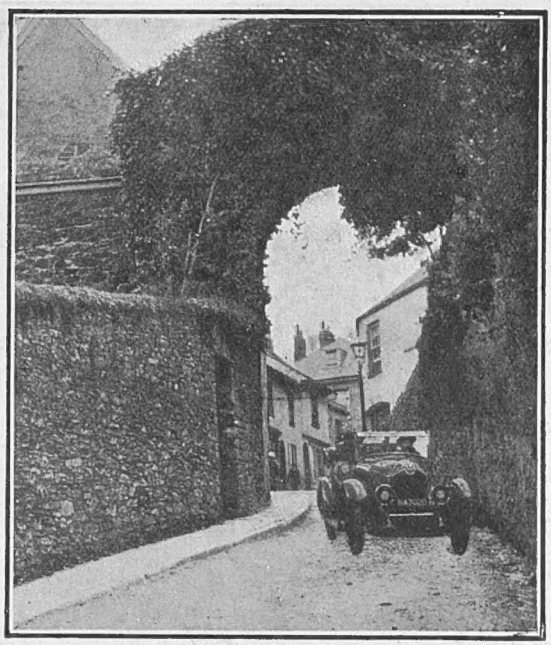

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